

The Winchester Appeal.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER---DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LOCAL INTERESTS, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, MECHANIM, EDUCATION---INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.

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Written for the Winchester Appeal.
ARISTOCRACY.

There are several kinds of aristocracy, and I suppose many persons may differ with me in relation to one kind, which is especially the subject of this essay. There is an aristocracy of *wealth, of family blood, or descent, and learning.* Now, there may be found some excuse for the first, an apology for the second, but, to my mind, nothing but a supreme contempt for the third. "Where there is much given there is much required." A man may be rich and ignorant of his duties to others--so with the man of noble ancestry--but of the educated man we require a stricter account of his relationship to his fellow-man than of any other. It does awaken our scorn to see a puffed pedant affect to despise all who have not been favored with the opportunities of education like himself. If he is what he professes to be--a learned man--he will know that "an honest man is the noblest work of God," and that the "wisest and brightest" has also been called the "meanest of mankind."

"That kings can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke and a' that;"

but that

"An honest man, though ne'er so poor,
Is chief of men for a' that."

To the learned, an illiterate person should excite the same sentiment that the sight of poverty and wretchedness awakens in one of wealth and affluence, that is pity, and indeed the former should always be more ready to relieve the mental necessities of the one, than the latter should administer to the wants of the other; because, in communicating information nothing is lost to the giver, as in the last case. Nothing more disgusts me than to see a man or woman intoxicated with "shallow draughts" from the Pierian spring, putting on the pedant--that literary toper. I feel like referring him to Pope, to learn that,

"Shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
But drinking largely may sober him again."

Such a person is constantly drawing invidious comparisons between his fellow beings, and, as somebody says, "with just enough of learning to misquote."

Liberal views of things he will never learn, and here is the "pons asinorum" that bounds his progress. The literary aristocrat is always one who has never stood upon the arch of that bridge to look beyond and see how much he does not know. Could his ge-

nius borrow wings to lift him up, he would be astonished to see "his dim horizon bounded by a span," enlarge until Alps still upon Alps would hide infinitude from his vision.

I love the enlightened man of liberal sentiments; one who can look upon his fellow-man, however untilld his mind may be, and whose charity will tell him, perhaps,

"There is a heart, pregnant with celestial fire,

"Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,

Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre."

Though his lot forbade

"The applause of list'ning Senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,

To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read his history in a nation's eyes,"

still, misfortune should never be despised by the learned, the noble, or the wealthy; and charity should teach them that the same power, *chance*, made them high that made others humble in life. The same mean principle makes the pedant a literary aristocrat that makes the man of money so.

Then the lettered toad need not complain that the El Dorad despises him.

I have been led to make these remarks from hearing a *quarteron literata* speak contemptuously of a clever young man because "he was not learned," and also because there exists a popular error on this subject.

I have more respect for the man, though ignorant, who makes no pretensions to more than he merits--as Wolcott says--

"Whose modest wisdom, therefore, never aims

To find the longitude or burn the Thames"--

much more I say than of the man described by Young--

"Who thinks he's learned, in volumes deep, he sits

In wisdom shallow. Pompous Ignorance!"

Then, scornful friend, learn from the last quoted author--

"How empty learning, how vain is art,
But as it mends the life and guides the heart;"

and remember that though the subject of your scorn may be illiterate, he has this advantage of you; as Middleton says:

"Heaven pities ignorance:
She's still the first who has her pardon sign'd;
All sins else see their faults--she's only blind."

SPECTATOR.

A Reminiscence.--On the day when the news of General Scott's nomination for the Presidency was received here in 1852, we stepped into a barber shop and there met a fine old Democrat who seemed quite distressed.

"Oh," said he, "why did you not nominate Fillmore? He has been a most excellent President, and his nomination would have put an end to all party strife I should be very glad to see him President again."

We hope that our old friend is gratified now. The American Convention has done what he was so unhappy at the failure of the Whig Convention to do. Let him swing his hat and shout for joy and tell his friends to imitate his example. Let us all shout and be glad together.--*Lou. Jour.*

An Argument for Advertising.--We saw a paragraph in a Virginia paper to this effect: A gentleman went into a printing office to examine an exchange paper coming from a place some fifty or a hundred miles distant, with the view to discover the name of some lawyer there to whom he might confide the transaction of some business matters of pressing importance.

And after running his eye carefully over the paper he laid it aside, and remarked--"Well I can't find the name of a single attorney in that paper; and any member of the profession at that place could have obtained fifty dollars from me, by having a card in the paper, as I would willingly have paid that amount rather than make the trip at this particular time." Let everybody advertise, and everybody will be certain to do good business.

For simplicity, the Persian government takes precedence of all others.--There are only two officers in the whole kingdom--the tax-gatherer and the hangman.

The best snuff in the world is a snuff at the morning air.

MY HOME IS THE WORLD.

BY THOMAS H. BAYLY.

Speed, speed, my fleet vessel! the shore is in sight,

The breezes are fair, we shall anchor to-night;

To-morrow, at sunrise, once more I shall stand

On the sea-beaten shore of my dear native land.

Al! why does despondency weigh down my heart!

Such thoughts are for friends who reluctantly part;

I come from an exile of twenty long years,
Yet I gaze on my country through fast-falling tears.

I see the hills purple with bells of the heath,
And my own happy valley that nestles beneath,

And the fragrant white blossoms spread over the thorn,

That grows near the cottage in which I was born.

It cannot be changed--no, the clematis climbs

O'er the gay little porch, as it did in old times,

And the seat where my father reclined is still there--

But where is my father!--oh, answer me, where!

My mother's own casement, the chamber she loved,

Is there--overlooking the lawn where I roved;

She thoughtfully sat with her hand o'er her brow,

As she watched her young darling--ah, where is she now!

And there is my poor sister's garden; how wild

Were the innocent sports of that beautiful child!

Her voice had a spell in its musical tone,
And her cheeks were like roses--ah, where is she gone!

No father reclines in the clematis seat!
No mother looks forth from the shaded retreat!

No sister is there stealing slyly away,
Till the half-suppressed laughter betrayed where she lay!

How oft in my exile, when kind friends were near,
I've sighed their kindness, and sigh'd to be here!

How oft have I said--"Could I once again see,
That sweet little valley, how blest would I be!"

How blest--oh! it is not a valley like this,
That unaided can realize visions of bliss;

For voices I listen; and then I look round
For the light steps that used to trip after the sound!

But see! this green path; I remember it well--
'Tis the way to the church--hark the toll of the bell!

Oh! oft, in my boyhood, a truant I've strayed
To yonder dark yew-tree, and slept in its shade.

But surely the pathway is narrower now!
No smooth place is left 'neath the dark yew-tree bough!

O'er tablets inscrib'd with sad records I tread,
And the home I have sought--is the home of the dead!

And was it for this I looked forward so long!
And shrank from the sweetness of Italy's song!

And turned from the dance of the dark girl of Spain!
And wept for my country again and again!

And was it for this to the casement I crept,
To gaze on the deep when I dreamed as I slept!

To think of fond meetings, the welcome, the kiss,
The friendly hand's pressure!--ah! was it for this!

When those who so long have been absent, return

To the scenes of their childhood, it is but to mourn;

Wounds open afresh that time nearly had healed,

And the ills of a life at one glance are revealed.

Speed, speed, my fleet vessel! the tempest may rave--

There's calm for my heart in the dash of the wave--

Speed, speed, my fleet vessel! the sails are unfurl'd,

Oh! ask me not whither--my home is the world!

A Step Backward.--A bill has been introduced into the Legislature of Minnesota Territory to restore the law prohibiting imprisonment for debt.

The First Marriage in the Family.

A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

In what book, magazine, or newspaper the following sketch originally appeared, we do not know, and therefore cannot give the due credit.

"Home" how that little word strikes upon the heart-strings, awakening all the sweet memories that have slept in memory's chamber. Our home was a 'pearl of price' among homes; not for its architectural elegance--for it was only a four gabled, brown, country house, shaded by two ancient elms; nor was its interior crowded with luxuries that charm ever and come from every clime. Its furniture had grown old with us, for we remembered no other; and though polished as highly as furniture could be, by daily scrubbing, was somewhat the worse for wear, it must be confessed.

But neither the house nor its furnishing makes the home; and the charm of ours lay in the sympathy that linked the nine that called it 'home' to one another. Father, mother, and seven children--five of them gay-hearted girls, and two boys, petted just enough to be spoiled--not one link had ever dropped from the chain of love, or one corroding drop fallen upon its brightness.

"One star differeth from another in glory," even in the firmament of home. Thus--though we could not have told a stranger which sister or brother was dearest--from our gentlest 'eldest,' an invalid herself, but the comforter and counsellor of all beside, to the curly haired boy, who romped and rejoiced in the appellation of 'baby,' given five years before--still an observing eye could have singled out sister Ellen as the sun beam of our heaven, the 'morning star' of our constellation. She was the second in age but the first in the inheritance of that load of responsibility, which, in such a household, falls naturally upon the eldest daughter. Eliza, as I have said, was ill from early girlhood, and Ellen had shouldered all her burden of care and kindness with a light heart and a lighter step. Up stairs and down cellar--in the parlor, nursery or kitchen--at the piano or the wash-tub--with pen, pencil, needle or ladle--sister Ellen was always busy, always with a smile on her cheek, and a warble on her lip.

Quietly, happily, the months and years went by. We never realized that change was to come over our band. To be sure, when mother would look in upon us, seated together at our work, and say, in her gentle way, with only half a sigh, "Ah, girls, you are living your happiest days!" we would glance into each other's eyes, and wonder who would go first. But it was a wonder that passed away with the hour and ruffled not even the surface of our sisterly hearts. It could not be always so, and the change came at last.

Sister Ellen was to be married!

It was like the crash of a thunder-bolt in a clear summer sky! Sister Ellen--the fairy of the hearthstone, the darling of every heart--which of us could spare her! Who had been so presumptuous as to find out her worth! For the first moment, this question burst from each surprised, half-angry sister of the blushing, tearful Ellen. It was only for a moment; for our hearts told us that nobody could help loving her, who looked through her loving blue eyes into the clear well-spring of the heart beneath. So we threw our arms around her, and sobbed without a word.

We knew very well that the young clergyman, whose Sunday sermons and gentle admonitions had won all our hearts, had been for months a weekly visitor to our fireside circle. With baby George on his knee, and George's brothers and sisters clustered about him, he had sat through many an evening, charming the hours away, until the clock startled us with its unwelcome nine o'clock warning, and the softly spoken reminder, "Girls, it is bed-time," woke more than one stilled sigh of regret. Then sister Ellen must go with us to lay George in his little bed; to hear him and Annette repeat the evening prayer and hymn her lips had taught them; to comb the long brown braids of Emily's head; to rob Arthur of the story book, over which he would have squandered the midnight oil; and to breathe a kiss and a blessing over the pillow of each other sister, as she tucked the warm blankets tenderly around them.

We do not know how often of late she had stolen down again, from these sisterly duties; after our sisters were locked in sleep; or if our eyes and ears

had ever been open to the fact, we could never have suspected the minister to be guilty of such a plot against our peace. The name was associated in our minds with all that was superhuman. The gray-haired pastor who had gone to his grave six months previous, had sat as frequently on that oaken arm-chair, and talked with us. We had loved him as a father and friend, and had almost worshipped him as the embodiment of all attainable goodness. And when Mr. Neville came among us, with his high, pale forehead and soul-kindled eye, we had thought his face also "the face of an angel"--too glorious for the print of mortal passion! Especially, after, in answer to an urgent call from the people among whom he was laboring, he had frankly told them that his purpose was not to remain among them, or anywhere on his native shore; that he only waited the guidance of Providence to a home in a foreign clime. After this much bewailed disclosure of his plans, we placed our favorite preacher on a higher principle of saintship.

But sister Ellen was to be married, and married to Mr. Neville. And then, "Oh, sister you are going away to India!" burst from our lips, with a fresh gush of sobs.

I was the first that looked up into Ellen's troubled face. It was heavy with emotion that ruffled its calmness, as the tide-waves ruffle the sea. Her lips were firmly compressed, her eyes were fixed on some distant dream, glassed with two tears that stood still in their channels, forbidden to fall. I almost trembled as I caught her glance.

"Sister! Agnes--Emily!" she exclaimed, in a husky whisper. "Hush! be calm! Don't break my heart. Do I love him less than"--

The effort was too much; the words died on her lips. We lifted her to bed, frightened into forgetfulness of our own grief. We soothed her until she, too, wept freely and passionately, and, in weeping, grew strong for the sacrifice to which she had plunged her heart.

We never spoke another word of remonstrance to her tender heart, though often, in the few months that flitted by us together, we used to choke with sobbing in some speech that hinted of the coming separation, and hurry from her presence to cry alone.

Our mother had told us the tidings with white lips that quivered tenderly and sadly. No love is so uniformly unselfish as a mother's, surely; for though she leaned on Ellen as the strong staff of her declining years, she sorrowed not as we did, that she was going. She, too, was happy in the thought of that 'pearl of great price,' in a cold and evil world--a true, noble, loving heart to guide and protect her.

Father sat silent in the chimney corner, reading in the family Bible.--He was looking farther than any of us--to the perils that would environ his dearest daughter, and the privations that might come upon her young life, in that unhealthy, uncivilized corner of the globe, whither she was going.--Both our parents had dedicated their children to God; and they would not cast even a shadow on the path of self-sacrifice and duty their darling had chosen.

To come down to the unromantic details of wedding preparations; how we stitched and trimmed, packed and prepared; stoned raisins with tears in our eyes, and all that, would take too long to tell. Ellen was first and foremost in all this, as she had always been in every emergency, great or small.

We were not left alone in our labors, for Ellen had been loved by more than the home roof sheltered. Old and young, poor and rich, united in bringing their gifts, regrets and blessings, to the chosen companion of the pastor they would soon lose. There is something in the idea of missionary life that touches the sympathy of every heart; which mammon has not too long seared. To see one, with sympathies and refinements like our own, rend the strong ties that bind to country and home, friends, comfort and civilization, for the good of the lost and degraded heathen, brings too strongly into relief by contrast the selfishness of most human lives led among the gayeties and luxuries of time.

The day, the hour came. The ship was to sail from B. on the ensuing week; and it must take away an idol.

She stood up in the village church, that all who loved her, and longed for another sight of her sweet face, might look upon her, and speak the simple words that should link hearts for eternity. We sisters were all around her, but not too near, for we could not wear

the happy faces that should grace a train of bridesmaids. She had cheered us through the day with sunshine from her own heart, and even while we were arraying her in simple white muslin, like a lamb for sacrifice, she had charmed our thoughts into cheerfulness. It seemed like some dream of fairy land; and she the embodiment of grace and loveliness, acting the part of some Queen Titania for a little while. The dream changed to a far different reality, when at the door of her mother's room, she put her hand into that of Henry Neville, and lifted her eye with a look that said, "Where thou goest will I go," even from all beside!

Tears fell fast in that assembly; though the good old matrons tried to smile, as they passed around the bride to bless her and bid her goodbye. A little girl in a patched but clean frock, pushed forward with a bouquet of violets and strawberry blossoms in her hand.

"Here, Miss Nelly--please Miss Nelly," she cried, half-laughing, half-sobbing, "I picked them on purpose for you!"

Ellen stood and kissed the little; eager face. The child burst into tears, and caught the folds of her dress, as though she would have buried her face there. But a strong-armed woman, mindful of the bride's attire, snatched the child away.

"And for what would ye be whimpering in that style, as if you had any right to Miss Ellen?"

"She was always good to me, and she's my Sunday School teacher," pleaded the little girl in a subdued undertone.

Agnes drew her to her side and silently comforted her.

"Step aside, Father Herriek is here," said one just then.

The crowd about the bridal pair opened, to admit a white-haired, half-blind old man, who came leaning on the arm of his rosy grand-daughter.--Father Herriek was a superannuated deacon whose good words and works had won for him a place in every heart of that assembly.

"They told me she was going," he murmured to himself; "they say 'tis her wedding. I want to see my little girl again--bless her."

Ellen sprang forward, and laid both her white trembling hands in the large hand of the good old man. He drew her near his failing eyes, and looked searchingly into her young, soul-lit countenance.

"I can just see you, darling; and they tell me I shall never see you again! Well, well, if we go in God's way we shall all get to Heaven, and it's all light there!" He raised his hand over head and added, solemnly, "The blessing of blessings be upon thee, my child. Amen!"

"Amen!" echoed the voice of Henry Neville. And Ellen looked up with the look of an angel.

So she went from us! Oh! the last moment of that parting hour has burnt itself into my being forever! Could the human heart endure the agony of parting like that, realized to be indeed the last--lighted by no ray of hope for eternity? Would not reason reel under the pressure?

It was hard to bear; but I have no words to tell of its bitterness. She went to her missionary life, and we learned at last to live without her, though it was many a month before the little ones could forget to call on "Sister Ellen" in any impulse of joy, grief, or childish want. Then the start and the sigh, "Oh, dear, she's gone--sister is gone!" And fresh tears would flow.

Gone but not lost, for the First Marriage in the family opened to us a fountain of happiness, pure as the spring of self-sacrifice could make it. Our household darling has linked us to a world of needy and perishing spirits--a world that asks for the energy and the aid of those who go from us, and those who remain in the dear country of their birth. God bless her and her charge! Dear sister Ellen! there may be many other breaches in the family--we may all be scattered to the four winds of heaven--but no change can come over us like that which marked the First Marriage.

A writer in one of the Northern papers, on school discipline, says, 'Without a liberal use of the rod it is impossible to make a boy smart.'

Beware of judging hastily; it is better to suspend an opinion than to retract an assertion.

A "few days" often changes in the mind.